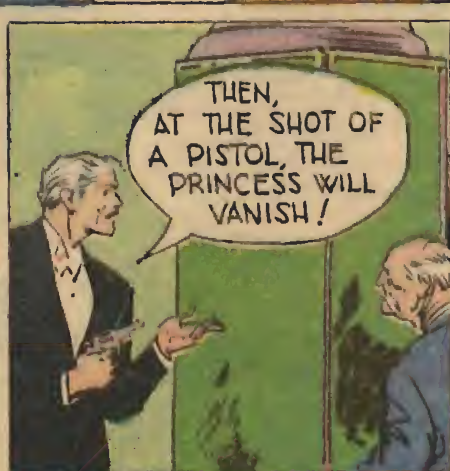
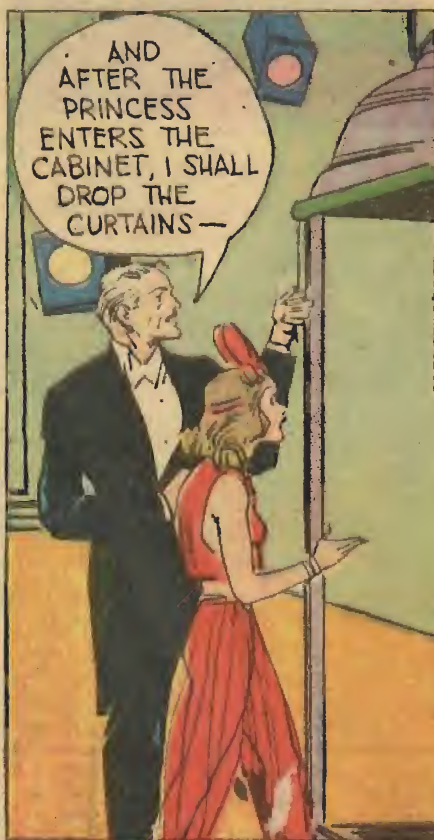


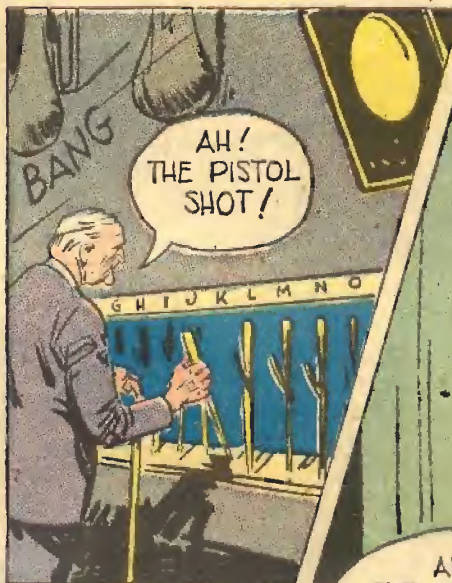
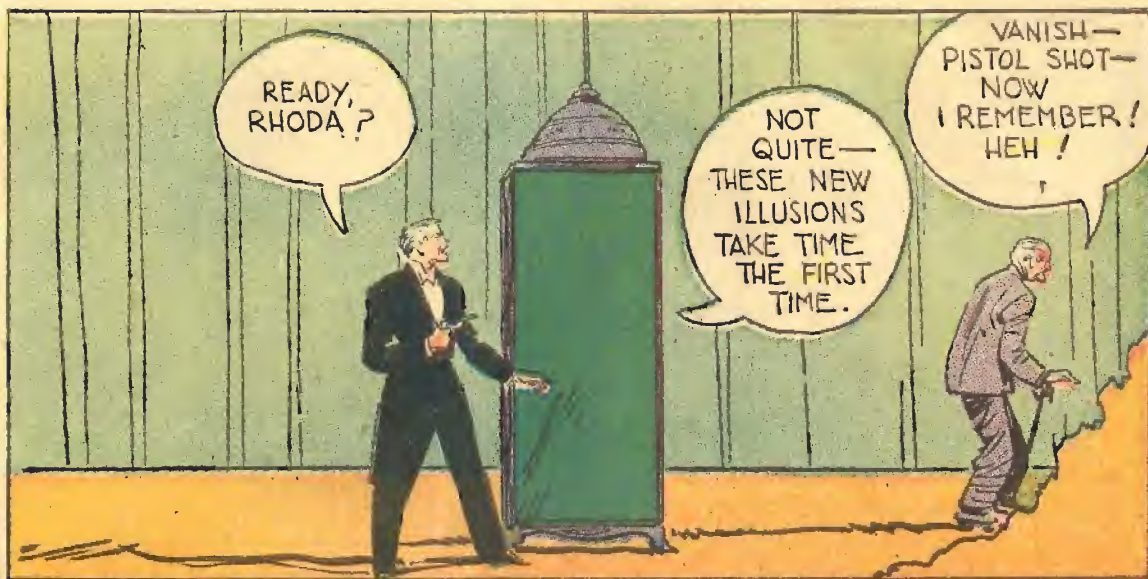


"REMEMBER — REMEMBER —  
 THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER — GUY FAWKES  
 AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT —"  
 THESE WORDS OF AN OLD ENGLISH VERSE  
 RECALL THE STORY OF GUY FAWKES AND THE  
 CONSPIRATORS WHO TRIED TO BLOW UP BRITAIN'S  
 KING AND PARLIAMENT IN THE YEAR 1605 — AS IN  
 ALL SUCH CASES, SOME OF THE CONSPIRATORS  
 PROBABLY ESCAPED, SO WEAVING FACT WITH  
 FANCY, WE HAVE BASED THIS STORY ON THE POSS-  
 IBILITY THAT THEIR DESCENDANTS HAVE BEEN  
 DWELLING IN UNDISCLOSED PASSAGES WHICH  
 THE ORIGINAL CONSPIRATORS BURROWED BE-  
 NEATH LONDON — THERE, SAFE THROUGH  
 THE DAYS OF THE BLITZ, THEY HAVE BEEN  
 WAITING, WITH THEIR BARRELS OF UNUSED  
 GUNPOWDER, STILL HOPING THAT THEY IN  
 THEIR SMALL WAY CAN COMPLETE THEIR  
 HEINOUS PLAN OF THREE CENTURIES STANDING,  
 UNTIL —

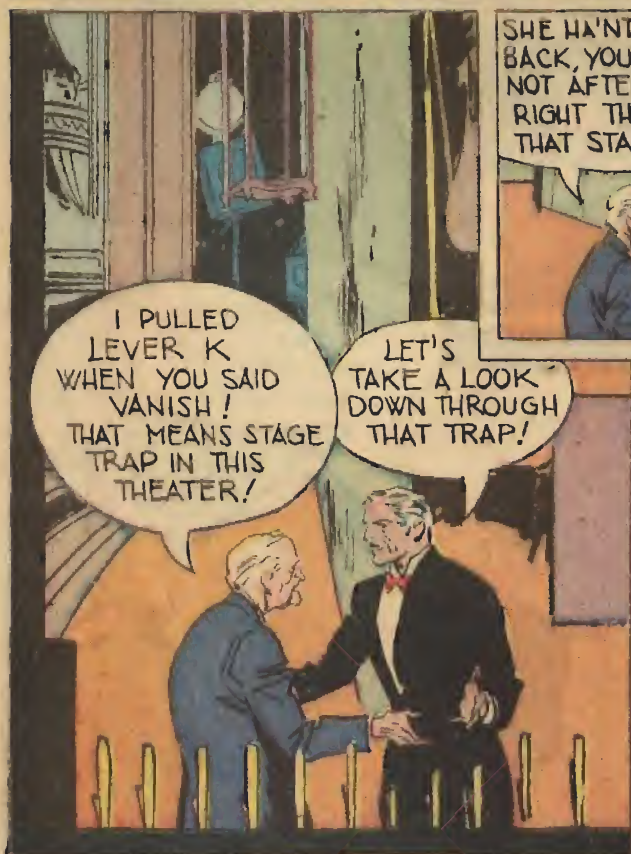
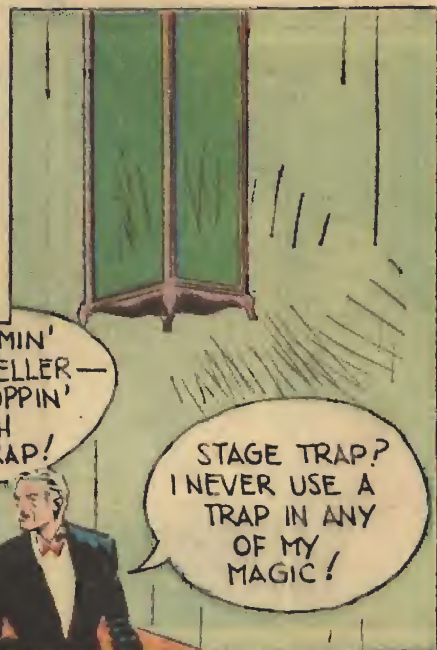
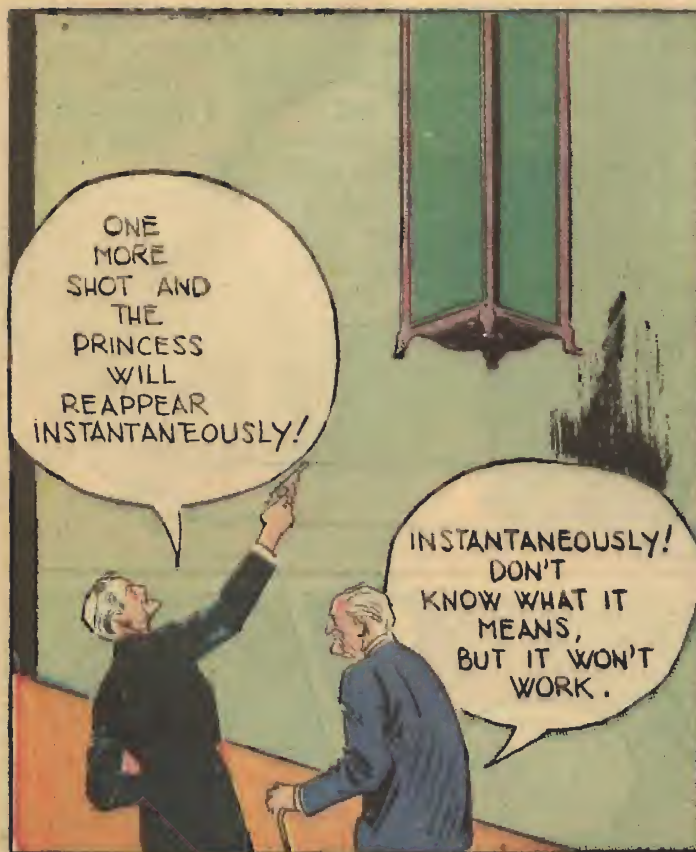




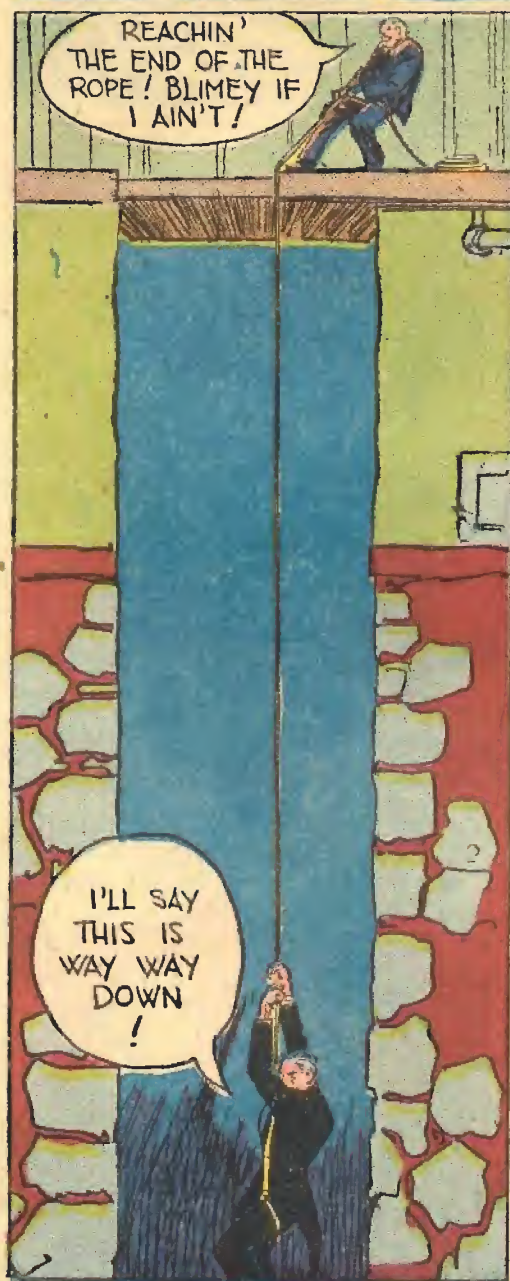
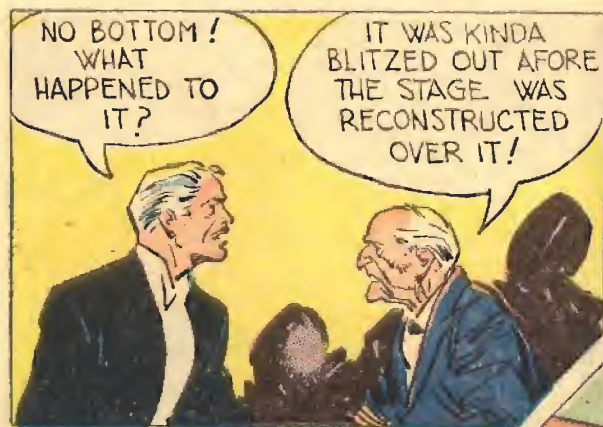




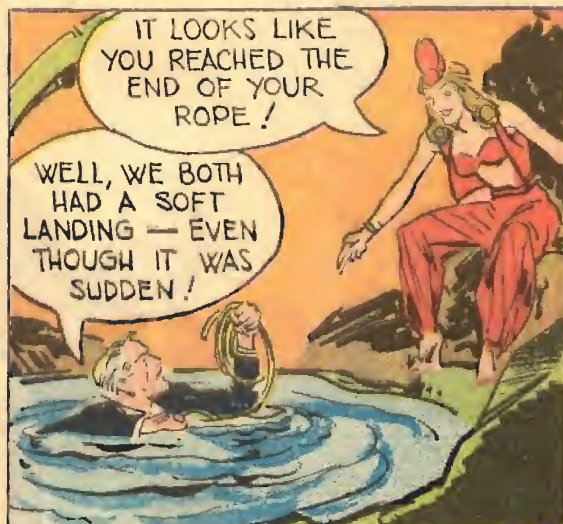












IT LOOKS LIKE  
YOU REACHED THE  
END OF YOUR  
ROPE!

WELL, WE BOTH  
HAD A SOFT  
LANDING — EVEN  
THOUGH IT WAS  
SUDDEN!



WHY DON'T YOU TOSS THE ROPE  
SO WE CAN CLIMB OUT OF HERE?  
YOU KNOW— THE HINDU ROPE  
TRICK—

IT'S THE  
WRONG KIND OF  
ROPE AND IT  
ISN'T LONG ENOUGH.  
OUR BEST BET IS  
TO EXPLORE THESE  
PREMISES.



CALL  
OUT THE  
WARDERS  
!

HALT!  
WHO  
COMETH  
HITHER?

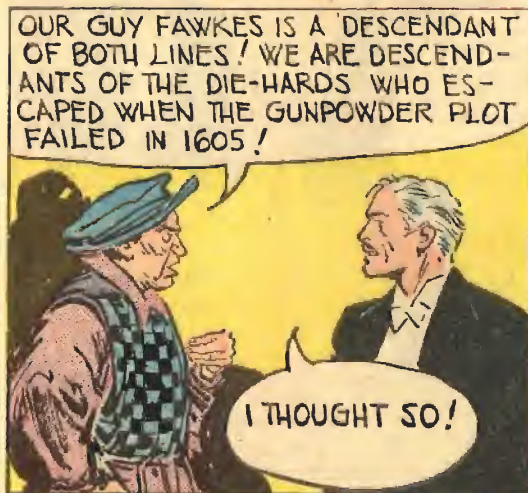
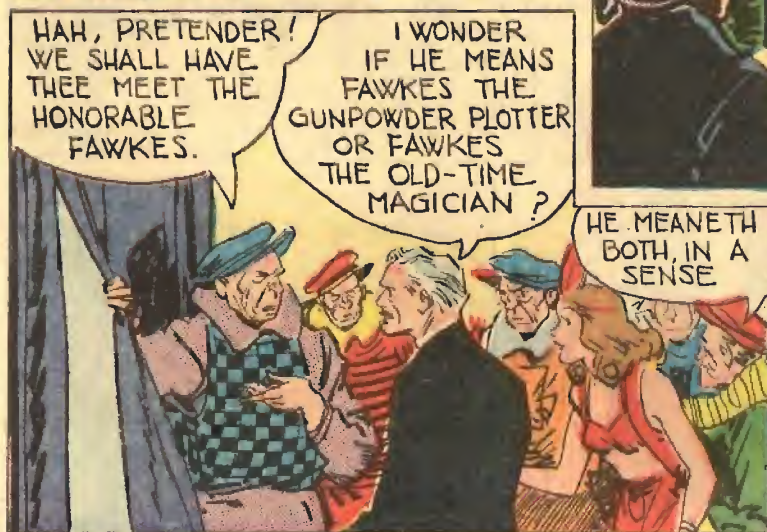
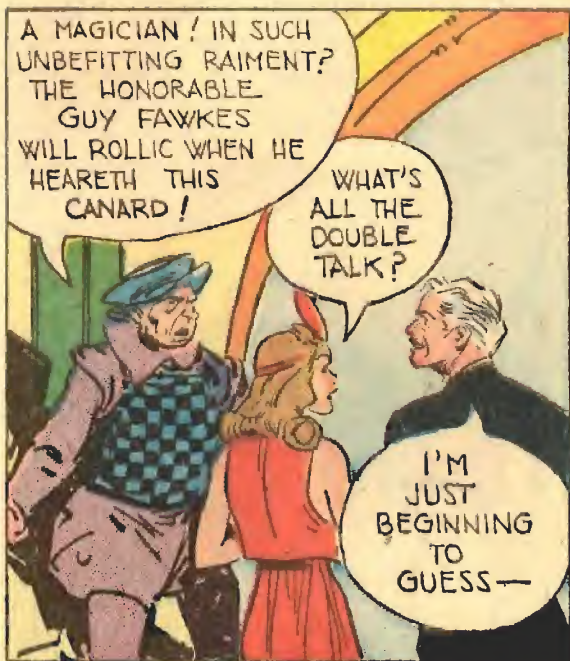
IT LOOKS  
LIKE WE'RE  
GETTING IN  
FOR  
SOMETHING!

MAYBE  
THE WAY IN WILL  
BE THE WAY  
OUT!

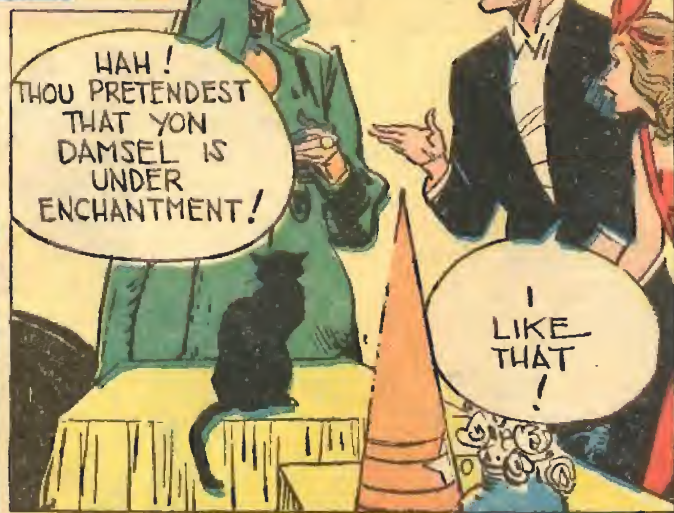
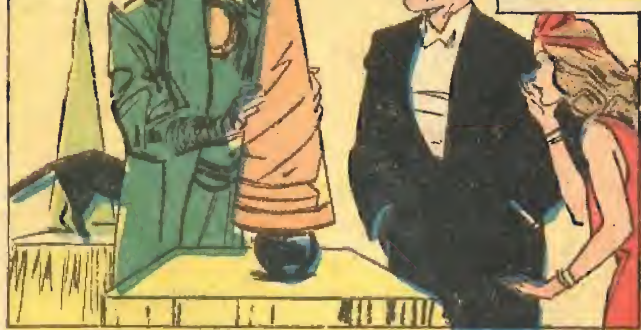
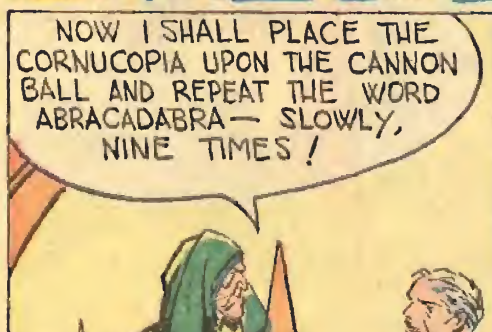
I AM  
GEOFFREY,  
YCLEPT THE  
WARDER.  
WHO ART THOU?

I AM  
BLACKSTONE,  
YCLEPT THE  
MAGICIAN!

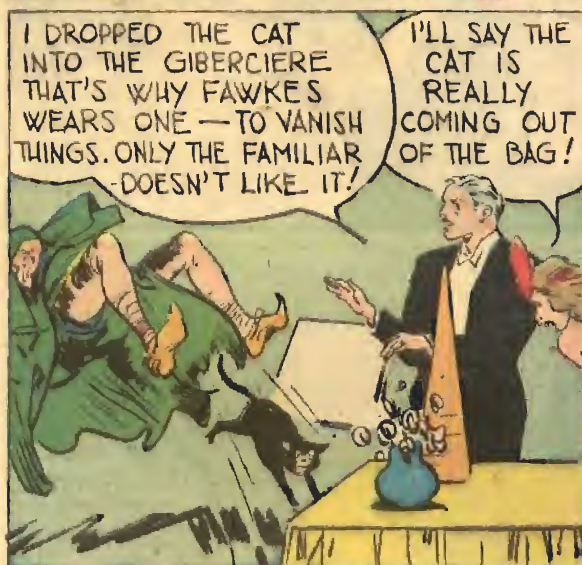






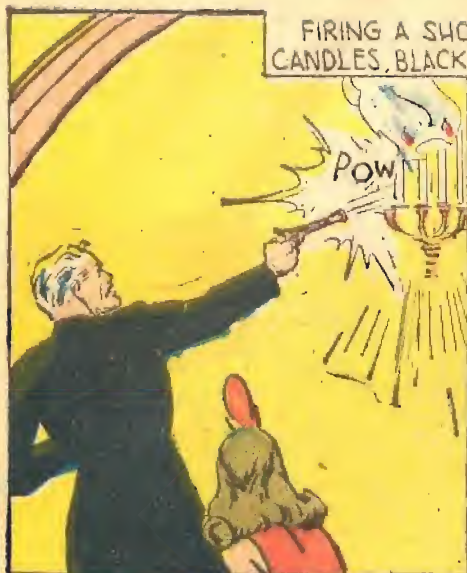








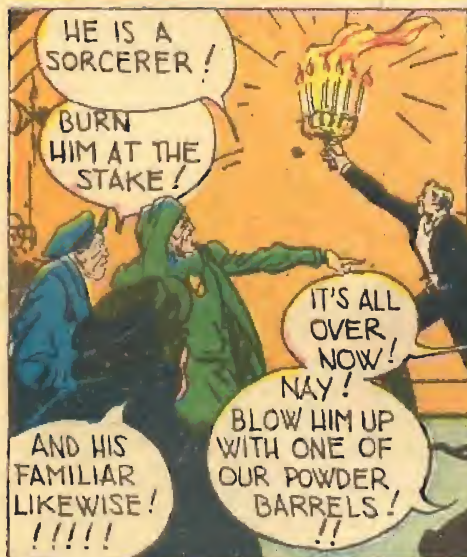
FIRING A SHOT AT THE EXTINGUISHED CANDLES, BLACKSTONE INSTANTLY IGNITES THEM!!



THAT WAS MATCHLESS! BUT WHAT BROUGHT THE FLAMES BACK?



WITH THE WICKS STILL HOT, THE ADDED HEAT FROM THE GUN-SHOT WAS ENOUGH TO IGNITE THEM!



HE IS A SORCERER!

BURN HIM AT THE STAKE!

IT'S ALL OVER NOW!

NAY!

BLOW HIM UP WITH ONE OF OUR POWDER BARRELS!!

AND HIS FAMILIAR LIKEWISE! !!!!!

NOT YET! WATCH THIS TRICK RHODA

MY SUPER-MAGIC HAS RENDERED YOUR POWDER WORTHLESS!

THERE GOES OUR GUN-POWDER PLOT!

WE MUST TREAT WITH THIS EN-CHANTERER!



THIS WILL STOP THEM!

IT LOOKS LIKE IT WILL STOP US TOO!



WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR CENTURIES TO BLOW UP LONDON!



IF THEY'RE STUPIFIED, SO AM I — UNLESS THE POWDER IS SO OLD IT'S NO GOOD!

IT'S STILL GOOD, BECAUSE FAWKES USED SOME IN HIS GUN —



BUT GUNPOWDER SELDOM EXPLODES FROM AN OPEN FLAME DROPPED FROM ABOVE. I TOOK A CHANCE THAT WAS IN MY FAVOR!



THEN YOU'D BETTER MAKE A DEAL WITH FAWKES!

WITHOUT DOUBT, SORCEROR, THOU HAST HASTENED HITHER TO RELEASE OUR PRESENT HOSTAGES. RESTORE OUR POWDER TO IT'S FORMER VIRTUE AND WE SHALL FREE THEM!

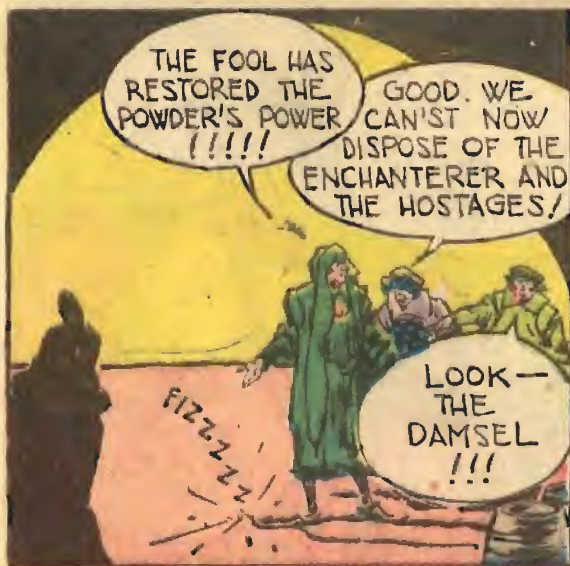


IT'S A DEAL FAWKES!



HERE ARE THE HOSTAGES, SORCEROR!

GOOD. HERE, TAKE SOME OF YOUR POWDER AND TEST IT. YOU WILL FIND IT'S MERIT RESTORED!



THE FOOL HAS RESTORED THE POWDER'S POWER!!!!

GOOD. WE CAN'ST NOW DISPOSE OF THE ENCHANTERER AND THE HOSTAGES!

LOOK — THE DAMSEL!!!



WHAT NOW FAWKES?

WE SHALL NOW PROCEED WITH OUR GUNPOWDER PLOT. WE KNOW NOW 'T WAS A MERE TRICK!

HOW WILL BLACKSTONE OUTWIT THIS ONE? TAKE A GUESS — THEN TURN THE PAGE — AND BE BAFFLED!!



TOO BAD,  
FAWKES! IN  
REVIVING THE  
POWDER, I  
VANISHED IT!

ODS  
BODKINS! EVERY  
BARREL IS  
EMPTY!!

AND THERE  
IS NOWHERE  
THAT THIS  
SORCEROR  
COULDST HAVE  
HID SUCH A  
BULK OF  
IT!

SHOW US THE WAY OUT OF  
HERE, FAWKES, AND I  
SHALL RETURN SOME  
OF YOUR VANISHED  
GUN-POWDER.

IN  
THY PARLANCE,  
SORCEROR,  
'TIS A  
DEAL!

HERE'S  
THE DIRECTIONS—  
TO THE TOP OF THE  
GREAT SECRET STAIRS—  
—THEN THROUGH THE  
ABANDONED WINE  
CELLAR—

BUT  
HOW DID THAT  
POWDER VANISH  
AND CAN YOU  
REALLY MAKE  
IT RE-  
APPEAR?

OF  
COURSE IT  
VANISHED, RHODA  
—AND IT WILL BE  
WAITING FOR US  
IN THE WINE-  
CELLAR!

NOW  
I'M  
SUPER  
BAFFLED  
!!!







—AND SO AFTER THREE FORGOTTEN CENTURIES  
THE GUNPOWDER PLOT COMES TO AN END.!!!



AND SO, NEXT DAY BLACKSTONE  
AND RHODA RETURN TO THE  
NEW EGYPTIAN HALL, TO RE-  
SUME THEIR REHEARSAL—



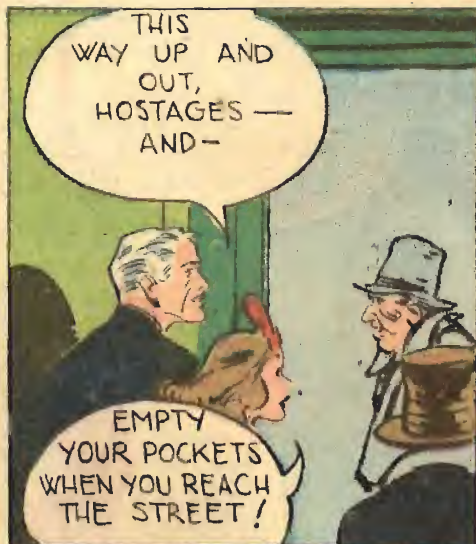
SO  
EVERYBODY  
THINKS IT  
WAS A  
TIME-BOMB  
EXPLOSION!

MYSTERIOUS TIME  
BOMB EXPLODES  
FAR UNDERGROUND  
NO DAMAGE  
FROM LEFT-OVER  
DROPPED DURING  
BLITZ.

MYSTERIOUS TIME  
BOMB EXPLODES FAR UNDER  
GROUND. NO DAMAGE  
FROM LEFT-OVER  
DROPPED DURING  
BLITZ.

THERE  
THEY GO —  
FOR THE FIRST  
TASTE OF OUR  
MODERN  
WORLD!

IT REALLY  
WAS, RHODA — A  
TIME-BOMB SET  
FOR THREE  
HUNDRED YEARS!



THIS  
WAY UP AND  
OUT,  
HOSTAGES —  
AND—

EMPTY  
YOUR POCKETS  
WHEN YOU REACH  
THE STREET!



UNDERGROUND

I  
ONLY HOPE  
THEY'LL  
LIKE  
IT—!

TO END.....  
THE WAR!

How much is it worth to you to  
bring home your brother, your  
father, your best friend?

Every bond you buy brings the  
day closer—the day when  
he'll come back.

BUY WAR BONDS

.....TODAY! I